

The Last and Truest Discovery
OF THE
POPISH-PLOT,
By *RUMSEY, WEST*, and other great Pa-
triot's of their COUNTRY.

BUt Oh! This late Conspiracy, so Dire
(By Providence prevented by a *FIRE*,)
No Age can parallel; so Black Design
The fiercest Furies, (could not place a Mine,)
From their dark *Caves*, to give so great a blow,
And at one Burst, *Three Kingdoms* overthrow!
Merciless Flames we'll now Innocent call,
Since *FIREs allarum* hath preserv'd Us all;
Thrice *Happy Fire of Providence*, whose Good
Was Bon-fire for the saving *Royal Blood*;
Heav'n forc'd their Safety, drove Them from that place,
That They might Live to see a *longer Race*.
What desperate, despairing damned Crew
Would Fell the *Royal Oaks*, Plant cursed *Yew*?
Did *Shaftsbury* descend into the Pit,
And *Pluto's President of War* doth sit?
Are *Sheriffs, Juries*, and his *perjur'd Slaves*,
All silent Now, as They were in their Graves?
No; Thou retain'st thy Counsel at the Bar,
And [*Good-enough*] to make a *Civil War*:
Tho' thou canst not return, hast none to send?
Murder and Treason thou hast left thy Friend:
Thy Breath, O *British Scylla*, still remains,
Whose Poyson stagnates your ill Livers Veins;
Thou, damn'd *Achitophel*, counsel'dst a *Vote*,
If the KING dy'd, to cut the *Papists Throat*;
Nay, if a House by accident was fir'd,
From Them must reparation be requir'd.
Impostor-Hypocrites! Invent a *PLOT*,
Deceive the *Mobile*, and League the *Scot*,
Then Loyal Innocents they Guilty bring;
Reserve the Honour yet to *Kill the KING*.
The *Comets* blaze, and the *Portents*, you know,
Did signify the Nations Overthrow;
And You the Ministers of Fate must be,
The Hangmen-Murderers of *ROYALTY*.
No, Paracides, though you pervert the sence,
Heav'n is not pleas'd till you are hang'd from hence:

The

The Stars discover your dark **PLOTS** below,
 Your malice would make Heav'n Guilty too:
 Just like old *Satan*, when He did Rebel;
 He once was good, You never; mend in Hell,
 Since none but You could ever claim a Right
 By horrid Murder to eternal night:
 Had you succeeded, Oh what Seas of Blood
 Had drown'd the World, and made a second Flood!
 The Horrible Events no Man can think,
 Blood-thirsty men, with drinking, thirst for drink.
 Nothing but Death can quench their Furious Zeal;
 No *Plot* nor *Parliament* his *Acts* repeal:
 Those *Lies*, confirm'd by *Oaths* and *Impudence*,
 Were once believ'd by Men of soundest sence:
 This, the deciding **PLOT** 'twixt Heav'n and Hell,
 (Though you repent not,) shall confess you fell;
Lucifer-like, you curs'd **ASSOCIATES**
 Thought your selves strong enough against the *Fates*.
 But Providence appears, the *Fiends* throws down,
 And once again the **ROYAL OAK** does Crown:
 How Guilt doth tremble now! How hide and flie!
 The Innocents stood still, un-call'd, to die:
 Down with your **PILLAR**, there in Rubbish lie,
 The Pyramid of Truth's above the Skie:
 The Sacred Monuments of Wise and Good
 Are wash'd away from hence, like *Noah's Flood*;
 But true Tradition shall never die,
 But blooming still to all Eternity.
 Let all our Prayers, incens'd by true Zeal,
Defend Us from Fanatick-Commonweal.
 Devils believe, and (when compell'd) confess,
 Yet Devils still; Our Criminals no less:
 Not like true Penitents, confess all sin,
 They hide the worst, the Devil's still within;
 What the *Scotch-Whig* dares not, these Rebels do,
 Both Will and Act into Damnation go,
 Whilst We with Prayers, Offerings of Praise,
 Send our Thanksgivings up for these past days:
 Our days were almost spent; One minute more
 Had made *Three Kingdoms* like a *Common-Shoar*,
 Run down with Royal Blood of Purple Gore. }
 Infinite Mercy, (wonderfully shown,)
 Preserve the **ROYAL BLOOD** upon the Throne;
 And that we may have Blessings, when we sing
 Glory to **GOD**, Peace, Health unto the **KING**.